

THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXV.

SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, DECEMBER 22, 1911

No. 51

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE KING.

Two thousand troubled years
Time's weary brow have worn,
Since that strange star to shepherds told
The Prince of Peace was born.

Two thousand years of gloom—
Of groping toward the light—
Of prophets scorned and martyrs slain—
And battle done for right.

But year by year the bells
The old glad tidings bring,
And men forget their strife to keep
The birthday of the King.

Christ's kingdom yet will come,
And good prevail o'er ill
Though often with a crown of thorns
We mock the Master still.

But He will not forsake
The work for which He died,
Till all mankind be gathered home
At the great Christmastide.

—Alfred Hayes.



THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

\$1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at
45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue,
Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

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PROHIBITION MARCHING ON.

Prohibitory liquor laws will go into effect in three Pacific coast states on the first of January—in Washington, Oregon, and Idaho. After that date there will be a saloonless way entirely across the continent except through Utah; and that state is sure to vote out the saloons in 1917. The last legislature enacted a prohibitory law, and when the governor found that the bill could be passed over his veto he held it until the legislature had adjourned and then vetoed it. He cannot be reelected. Utah is largely a dry state now and the result of action to be taken in 1917 can be accurately foretold.

Wyoming will probably join the dry ranks also in 1917, and a wide reach of territory be opened up then entirely from the Atlantic to the Pacific free from the licensed saloon. Nine of the southern states are in the prohibition ranks. The dry territory is continuous in the south all the way from the Maryland line to Louisiana and Texas with the exception of Kentucky and Florida. The law enacted in Virginia in 1914 does not take effect until November 1916, but already 84 of the 100 counties have cut out the saloons. Kentucky is well along toward prohibition, 106 of the 120 counties having no saloons. Seven of the other 14 have saloons in only one town or city.

Of the Pacific coast states entering the prohibition ranks in January Idaho has the most stringent law. It forbids even possession of whisky or brandy.

The only intoxicating liquor that any one may have in his possession in Idaho after the first of January is a limited amount of alcohol held under strict regulations by druggists for medicinal purposes and sacramental wine by the churches.

The law has been held constitutional by the supreme court of Idaho and is to be passed on by the supreme court of the United States.

The laws in Washington and Oregon allow people to import for their own use. The Washington law allows this import for own use in quantities not to exceed two quarts of liquor other than beer and not more than twelve quarts of beer every twenty days.

Permits for importation are issued by county auditors. Thorough publicity is required for the obtaining of permits and the outside dealer who ships to consumers is required to affix the permit conspicuously on the package which must also be labelled in large letters: "This package contains intoxicating liquors."

Other states to enter on state-wide prohibition the first

of January are Colorado, Iowa, South Carolina, and Arkansas.

In the great state of Texas seven eighths of the territory is saloonless. In 178 counties the saloons have been voted out; fifty-two others have saloons in only one or two places, and only twenty are saloon-cursed to any great extent.

There is good reason for the belief that state-wide prohibition will be voted soon in Texas, Maryland, Nebraska, South Dakota, Kentucky.

It is not surprising that the most vicious elements of the liquor forces are becoming desperate and are resorting to considerable intimidation and violence.

In the last six months the windows of Moody Bible Institute in Chicago have been smashed or shot through fifteen times. The Institute has been active in anti-saloon propaganda. And no doubt there are liquor publications in Chicago similar to the one in San Francisco which stated recently that it knew where men could get rewards who would drop bombs on persons engaged in combating soul-killing institutions.

THE CREED OF THE SOCIAL WORKER.

A Presbyterian doctor of divinity whose home is in the East, but who is in Southern California for a few months, writes to The Presbyterian of Philadelphia concerning the addresses the Rev. Charles Stelzle is making in California. He expresses the judgment that Mr. Stelzle understands the workingman quite well, but that his understanding of the Church is deficient. Mr. Stelzle is a social service worker, and this correspondent thinks that he emphasizes social salvation to the neglect of individual salvation. This, however, is not the fact—as will be seen when Mr. Stelzle's message is taken in its entirety. In his little book, "The Call of the New Day to the Old Church," he writes: "It is well to declare that the individual must be saved. But the individual can be saved only as he helps society. The time has come for a great new crusade in the name of the Church—a crusade which will have as its slogan these words: 'He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.' Some of us have been thinking only of what we could get out of our religion. Jesus thought only of what he could put into it. . . . The deepest meaning of the cross finds its expression in unselfish devotion to all the needs of men. This is the creed of the social worker. It must increasingly become that of the Church." Mr. Stelzle says to the reactionary element in the Church: "Jesus Christ was a Revolutionist. He disregarded altogether the ecclesiastical aristocracy of his day and the social aristocracy of his period. Neither had they any use for him. . . . The gospel which Jesus gave the world will continue to turn the world upside down until it is turned right side up." He regards it as a great necessity that the Church should be kept clear-eyed and open-minded, saying: "God is revealing himself anew day by day in his dealings with men and with nations. There are prophets of God in the twentieth century just as surely as there were in the first or centuries preceding it."

Mr. Stelzle came to California at the request of the Anti-Saloon League in order that through him more workingmen might be enlisted against the saloon. He has been doing an excellent work here for several weeks. He has influence with the workingmen because he works in accordance with such declared principles as these: "The social

gospel includes economic justice. It means that underfed women and overworked men must get a square deal. It means that there shall be a more equitable distribution of profits in industry. It carries with it the spirit of true brotherhood and democracy."

"THE LORD'S DAY FROM NEITHER CATHOLIC NOR PAGAN."

The foregoing is the title of a new book which deals trenchantly with Seventh-Day Adventism. The book is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, and is sold at one dollar net. The author, D. M. Canright, was an Adventist for twenty-eight years—a leader in that church. He was a teacher of theology in their college, president of a state conference, associate editor of one of their papers, a writer of books and pamphlets covering nearly all the controverted points in their faith. At length he came to see that their doctrines were erroneous, separated from them, and for about twenty-five years has been an honored and successful pastor of Baptist churches in Michigan.

This book by him has special value for California readers inasmuch as we in this state meet with strenuous opposition from the Seventh-Day Adventists every time any attempt is made to secure a Sunday rest law despite the fact that they are always exempt from its provisions.

Mr. Canright makes it evident in his book that while the Seventh-Day Adventists are sincere, that none of their leaders even have been scholarly men, and that all have accordingly fallen into error.

In a chapter on what Adventism is and how it originated Mr. Canright states that "the entire system rests upon the figures of an old farmer of seventy years ago and the visions of an uneducated girl in her teens."

All branches of modern Adventism began with William Miller who rejected all biblical commentaries and relied wholly upon his own unaided views of the Bible. He died a disappointed man five years after the time he had fixed on for the second advent of Christ.

Adventists no longer fix the day of the second coming, but they regard it as near, and hold that only 144,000 out of the many millions on earth at that time will be saved.

It is claimed by them that the Book of Revelation indicates that just before Jesus appears a decree will go forth to kill the saints—they being the saints. Years ago Mrs. White recorded a vision in which she said: "The wicked took counsel to rid the earth of us. We all fled from the cities and villages but were pursued by the wicked who entered the houses of the saints with the sword. They raised the sword to kill us, but it broke and fell as powerless as a straw."

Mr. Canright says that they are looking for the enactment of a world-wide Sunday law with a death penalty.

These 144,000, all of whom will be Seventh-Day Adventists, will be all the ones then living on earth who will be saved. All others,—Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, no matter what the profess, unless they join them before that time will be lost.

Hence, necessarily, they oppose all other churches as "Babylon," will unite with none in any way, but zealously proselyte from all in every possible way both at home and in all the missionary fields in other lands... They work great confusion in foreign mission fields among the simple minded native converts."

We are told that they now number 122,000, and that they confidently expect to have the complement of 144,000 in a year or two. Then cometh the end!

The author after giving a brief outline of Seventh-Day Adventism, refers the reader to an earlier book by him—"Seventh-Day Adventism Renounced"—for a full account of this peculiar sect and for answers to its arguments based on its interpretation of the Bible, and then goes on to consider the objection to the observance of Lord's Day. It is an able study of the whole question.

Mr. Canright has many good friends among the Seventh-Day Adventists, and he writes concerning the people in general: "The adherents of Seventh-Day Adventism are to be commended for their strong faith in God, in the Saviour, and in the Bible. They are ensamples in the great sacrifices they cheerfully make for their faith, and in their zeal for what they firmly believe to be the only message for this generation... Their mistaken views, their excessive zeal for those views, and their general condemnation of others for not accepting them, largely counteracts the good they might otherwise do. These things and some of the methods they employ in promulgating their doctrines lead them to become very annoying to other Christians equally as devoted as themselves.... While they hold and teach the fundamentals of Christian doctrine, with these they mix a large number of errors. These erroneous theories they make the most prominent in their work, urging them as the present test of acceptance with God. This does great harm."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The warring peoples of Europe number about 450,000,000. Of this number 180,000,000 are Roman Catholics; 110,000,000 Greek Catholics; 98,000,000 Protestants. The Moslems number about 8,000,000 and the Jews 9,000,000.

In Bakersfield, California, there is a saloon for every 300 people. There is also a potters field where are buried the bodies of several hundred fallen girls. A movement has been started to change conditions, and a vote will be taken for and against the saloons.

"Adequate Preparedness a Will O' the Wisp" says Oswald Garrison Villard in the New York Post. "Adequate preparedness will always be just a little bit beyond what we have. That is the whole history of navalism and militarism in every country. It will be the same in this country. When once people set out on this downward road of militarism there is no telling where they will land."

Now that the administration at Washington has plainly taken a stand for great military equipment, the short-sighted critics of Mr. Bryan are seeing how impossible it was for him to be true to the principles for which he had stood for many years and remain a member of the cabinet. As to what constitutes preparedness it is now evident there is a wide difference of opinion between him and President Wilson.

They who fail to read the article in The Pacific this week on "The Spiritual Ministry of the Music of the Panama-Pacific Exposition" will miss something of great charm and suggestiveness. The article was written by Mr. Rea a short time before the close of the Exposition. It has been read in the Congregational Church at Mill Valley and in the First Church of Oakland. Among those who heard it were

several who expressed the wish that it could be passed on to others, and accordingly it appears in *The Pacific*.

Even the daily papers in saloon-cursed territory are becoming courageous enough to chronicle objections to the saloons. The following is from the *Sacramento Union*: "A well known Sacramento man the other day met on a train two men and their wives who had come from Kansas seeking farms in California. He asked them why they did not investigate the country around Sacramento, as it offered many opportunities for the homeseeker. They replied that they had spent three days in this city and had been much impressed with what they saw. 'But,' said one of them, Sacramento has entirely too many saloons for us, and the farmers' roads are lined with road houses, so we decided to go elsewhere to locate."

The Christian Evangelist, representative of the "Christian" Church, notes the union Thanksgiving service held by the First Congregational Church of San Francisco and Temple Emanu-El, and remarks: "The religious world is growing in tolerance.... Why should not Jew and Gentile be thankful to God for his blessings to our nation and why should they not join on Thanksgiving Day in religious services?" Perhaps those extremely conservative Presbyterian papers that have criticized this union service can show why this should not be, but it is our judgment that they have failed thus far to do it. A Thanksgiving service is quite a different thing from the regular services of the sanctuary, and no belief is compromised by uniting in it.

The Rev. John Reid, a minister of many years of service, passed into the other life on the 9th of December at the home of his son, the Rev. David H. Reid of Black Diamond, Washington. Dr. Reid was born in Scotland in 1830. In 1875 he took charge of the First Presbyterian Church of Victoria, British Columbia. Later he returned to Scotland, and came again to this country, settling once more in Victoria. In 1881 he supplied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco for six months. Two sons are in the ministry—the Rev. John Reid Jr., who has been located in the Pacific Northwest for several years, mainly in Presbyterian churches; and the Rev. David H. Reid, who has been a long time in the work of the Congregational Home Missionary Society in Washington.

The Christian Century, representative of the "Christian" or Disciple, Church remarks: "Those Disciples who rage at higher criticism should pause long enough to consider that Alexander Campbell was really the first higher critic in the American theological world. In his treatment of the Bible Mr. Campbell was a heretic in his day. And his heresy consisted in his teaching virtually the same principles of interpretation as modern historical criticism stands for. His principles of interpretation were not so well developed for the very reason that he was a pioneer. But his sermon on the law, preached when he was a very young man and which marked him as 'a dangerous teacher', brought a new view of the Bible into the religious world. At that time men thought of the Bible as a level book. All parts were of practically equal value. It was more or less magically used.... Against this Mr. Campbell revolted. He declared that we had to discriminate within the Bible. Some portions of the Bible were truer than others—for us. The Old Testament was for the Jewish people. We are not bound by it, he declared. 'We are under the New Testament. Even the ten commandments are not law for us.'"

MAJOR ROBERT R. MOTON TO SUCCEED BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

It has been evident for several weeks that Major Moton, commandant of cadets at Hampton Institute, would probably be chosen as the successor of Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee Institute. His election to that position was announced this week. Major Moton is a negro of unmixed blood, and all that he has achieved stands to the credit of the black man alone.

Mr. W. D. Weatherhood, author of several books on the negro, writes:

"I have heard more than one Southerner say that Major Moton was the sanest and strongest representative of the negro race that they had ever met. Others have said to me that he is the best speaker, white or black, that they have ever heard, and yet he does not claim to be a speaker at all. He has a clear head, a noble heart, and a manly bearing which at once convinces you that he has a message worth while and is not afraid to give it.

"Major Moton holds a most delicate position at Hampton. In the school community there are pure negroes, mulattoes, Indians, Northern white people, Southern white people—all working for the same great cause—the elevation of the race. It is no easy matter to harmonize all these types, and yet so rare is his tact and so true his judgment that each group gives him enthusiastic support."

"Dr. Washington said of him: 'It has been through contact with men like Major Moton that I have received a kind of education no books could impart.' It would be worth a trip to Hampton just to know Major Moton. If more of our Southern white people could see him, so calm, so unostentatious, so unassuming, and yet so efficient and thorough, they would never say again that the negro race could not produce a pure-blood leader."

Major Morton was born in Virginia in 1867. His mother was a cook in the home of a big plantation owner and his father led the hands on the plantation. He traces his ancestry back to the chief of a tribe in Africa.

"About the year 1735 there was a fierce battle between two of the strongest tribes on the west coast of Africa. The chief of one of these was considered the most powerful of his time. He succeeded in overpowering his weaker rival and slaughtered and captured a great many of his band. This chief delivered to his son a dozen of these unfortunate survivors to be sold to an American slaver.

"The young African chief delivered these men to the captain of the ship and received his pay in trinkets. He was then asked to go out to the ship to see this wonderful sailing vessel. After he had inspected the ship, he was asked by the captain to dine. He said that they gave him some nice food to eat and some strange things to drink, all of which he enjoyed so much he fell asleep. When he awoke he was chained to one of the creatures whom he himself had sold, and the vessel was headed toward the United States."

Like Dr. Washington, Major Moton has written several books and contributed articles to such periodicals as the *Southern Workman* and *World's Work* on various phases of the so-called negro problem and negro education. Both in his speeches and his writings he has shown a wonderful ability to get right to the heart of the subject without mincing words and at the same time win and hold the respect of both races, including the Southern whites. Here are some things he said in a commencement address at Tuskegee in 1912:

"You and I belong to an undeveloped, backward race that is rarely for its own sake taken into account in the adjustment of man's relation to man, but is considered largely with reference to the impression which it makes upon the dominant Anglo-Saxon. The negro's very existence is itself somewhat satellitious, and secondary only, to the great white orb around which he revolves. If by chance any light does appear in the black man's sphere of operations, it is usually assumed that it is reflected from his association with his white brother...."

"The question that the American nation must face, and which the negro as a part of the nation should soberly and dispassionately consider, is the mutual, social, civic, and industrial adjustment upon common ground of two races, differing widely in characteristics and diverse in physical peculiarities, but alike suspicious and alike jealous, and alike more or less biased and prejudiced each toward the other."

"Without doubt the physical peculiarities of the negro, which are perhaps the most superficial of all distinctions, are nevertheless the most difficult of adjustment. While I do not believe that a man's color is ever a disadvantage to him, he is very likely to find it an inconvenience in some places."

Because of this situation, the negro as a race must grasp firmly three fundamental facts, he said. These were race consciousness, a high moral ideal, and intelligent industry. Later in his speech he said:

"Whatever question there may be about the white man's part in this situation, there is no doubt about ours. Don't let us fool ourselves, but keep in mind the fact that the man who owns his home and cultivates the land and lives a decent, self-respecting, useful, and helpful life is no problem anywhere. We talk about the 'color-line'—you know and I know, that the blackest negro in Alabama or Mississippi or Africa or anywhere else, who puts the same amount of skill and energy into his farming gets as large returns for his labor as the whitest Anglo-Saxon...."

"Race prejudice is as much a fact as the law of gravitation, and it is as foolish to ignore the operation of one as of the other. Mournful complaint and arrogant criticism are as useless as the crying of a baby against the fury of the great wind. The path of moral progress, remember, has never taken a straight line, but I believe that unless democracy is a failure and Christianity a mockery, it is entirely feasible and practicable for the black and white races of America to develop side by side, in peace, in harmony, and in mutual helpfulness each towards the other, living together as 'brothers in Christ without being brothers in law,' each making its contributions to the wealth and culture of our beloved country."

"There is something, after all, in these trifles that friends bestow upon each other which is an unfailing indication of the place the giver holds in the affections. I would believe that one who preserved a lock of hair, a simple flower or any trifle of my bestowing loved me, though no show was made of it, while all the protestations in the world would not win my confidence in one who set no value on such little things. Trifles they may be, but it is by such that character and disposition are oftenest revealed."

STATUS OF THE MOVEMENT TO UNITE THE UNITED BRETHREN AND METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

At a recent meeting of the board of bishops of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ the following was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, The General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ did by an overwhelming vote at its last session, held in Decatur, Illinois, approve of the proposal for the union of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ and the Methodist Protestant Church; and, whereas, the said General Conference also authorized that the said proposal should be brought to a vote in the annual conferences of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and the further vote of the entire membership in case the conferences voted favorably; and, whereas, the Board of Bishops have announced that the vote was favorable in the required number of conferences as per the requirements of the General Conference; and, whereas, the putting of the question of union before our people for a vote is both American and Christian; and, whereas, in the progress of this movement for merger there have arisen difficulties unforeseen that must be handled with care, consideration, and diplomacy; and, whereas, we sincerely desire to promote the orderly and constructive reconstruction of American Protestant Christianity to the point of the greatest possible organic simplification and union; therefore, resolved,

"First, That we find ourselves as clearly convinced as ever of the great wisdom and desirability of the union of church bodies that have a common faith and order into one administrative organism.

"Second, That we are impelled by our estimate of the high Christian character of the ministers and members of the Methodist Protestant Church and by the conviction that we can do better work united than apart, to desire a favorable action of our people as to the union of the two bodies, such favorable action having already been taken by the said Methodist Protestant Church.

"Third, As to the taking of the vote on the pending proposition throughout our denomination, we express the hope that no part or section of our church shall be willing or find it desirable to resist a proposal so thoroughly in harmony with the democracy of our denomination and the principles of Americanism as the taking of such a vote would be. We are of judgment, however, that the vote should be ordered by the Board of Bishops at such time only as they are well assured that the taking of the vote is desirable and judicious as a step in the forwarding of the movement. We will undertake the creation of a state of intelligence and favorable sentiment on the subject of union to the end that our action in a referendum vote to our people shall be taken at the earliest date consistent with our genuine desire to make the movement for union successful while not destructive. We fondly hope and truly desire that this delay in voting may not seriously embarrass or disadvantage our fellow-Christians of the Methodist Protestant Church, or make impossible their patient continuance with us in the effort to consummate the movement for merger.

"Fourth, That we agree to the restoration of the original composite title for the United Church: namely, the United Protestant Church, composed of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ and the Methodist Protestant Church, or such other name as may be mutually satisfactory, and ex-

press the hope that other Christian bodies will be willing to come with us into the new organization."

The Methodist Recorder, the organ of the Methodist Protestant Church, says editorially concerning this action:

"This decisive action of the Board of Bishops, displacing all unofficial rumors, is a distinct triumph for those sentiments and ideals which are fundamental to all forward movement in the kingdom of God.

The document originally agreed upon by the joint commission at Indianapolis, and now reaffirmed by the bishops is one that bears acquaintance, its noble Christian spirit being newly manifest with every reading; and the closing words, expressing "the hope that other Christian bodies will be willing to come with us into the new organization," broadens the vision of the movement into something more than the results immediately contemplated."

THE SPIRITUAL MINISTRY OF THE MUSIC OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

John Rea.

To dwell appreciatively upon the music of the Exposition would, in itself, be a delightful effort.

It would involve simply a review of the programs of the innumerable concerts, their general scope and spirit, with a kindly word for the countless leaders, soloists, bands, organists and orchestras who have contributed their best and the artistic world's best to make the Exposition a monumental musical wonder.

But to speak upon the spiritual ministry of the music we have heard is a somewhat different matter.

It takes for granted the reality of such, a spiritual influence and asks an expression of our thoughts upon it.

This at once brings into view the countless multitudes upon whom it has spent itself, among whom we must discover, if possible, whatever traces there may be of the presence and the character of a movement which seems almost too elusive for words.

Let no one say,—"Well, here we part company. Music is for the musical and I am not of the number."

In a crude sense that may be true, but it is easy to find common ground on which there is room enough for all who love music.

Everything that has life or that attends upon or surrounds our life, though moving in its own little world, according to its own nature, has some spiritual significance, with spiritual relationships. And, going a step further, we may confidently affirm that every such existence has some point of contact with, some bearing, near or remote, upon the human soul.

Wordsworth expresses his thought about it in these beautiful lines,

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Among inanimate things the Science of Color may be for the Artist alone. But the ruddy dawn, the glorious sunset, the tinted twilight are for every man. The Scientist may define the Aurora Borealis in technical terms or he may try to simplify it by telling us that it is probably an electrical disturbance in the upper air of the Polar skies. But when you and I are gazing, spellbound, upon its dim, mysterious movements, we are very much more likely to exclaim, with Miss Mulock,

"O strange, soft gleam, O ghostly dawn
That never brightens into day."

And so, in common with all things which surround us or intimately appeal to our senses, music has its place.

From our point of view its nature seems to be to gather itself into a silent, impalpable influence which, under favoring circumstances, expends itself on us in a sort of strange, sweet ministry. It has, so to speak, a spiritual magnetic field of its own, first attracting us within its charmed circle by a nameless awakening of desire, then stirring within us some fitting response, similar or parallel to itself, or giving us some new vision which, as we think upon it, appears to rise before us, almost unbidden, from the shadows.

The music of the great Exposition has not been very different in nature from any other, but it is easy to see how the influence we seek to identify has been emphasized by two things, the marvellous aggregation of men and women skilled in the arts of melody which this colossal enterprise has brought together, and, the enormous numbers of people who have willingly placed themselves within reach of its charm. Indeed, we can say that the idea of a 'ministry' is suggested in the mere presence of such huge gatherings of delighted people.

At times it would seem that, as we listened, we have been taken into solution, have forgotten ourselves and become part of the mass. Our primal, communal feelings, our deepest, our widest, have been stirred into strange, unusual comminglings of emotion with those around us.

Moreover, we have the power to meet people and move them beyond any depth they have ever known, has been noticeably characteristic of much of the music of the Exposition, and no one who has felt this stirring of soul and has yielded to the almost irresistible desire to listen to great music in the company of a multitude, can avoid recognizing the fact that something has been going on within him which is shared by all; something which has remained to the listeners in addition to and different from the mere outward sounds to which they have given attention; and that beyond the realm of memory alone, it is something which is following and impressing individual men long after the audible sounds have died away.

Our query then is, can we prevail upon this witchery to sit for its portrait? Can such an elusive shape be made sufficiently distinct to enable us to trace it in words?

In suggesting some answers to this query I must, of sheer necessity, fall back upon my own experiences during the summer just passing. No one can lead another through any such wonderland and expect to find all the pathways well lighted and clear of uncertainties. He can only go where his own desires have drawn him and try to define some of the impressions and stirrings which he has felt, which appear to have been deepened by mingling in great throngs of listeners and which seem to gather themselves, perhaps somewhat timidly, within the shadowy bounds of what we may call the spiritual ministry of an inanimate thing.

I have looked and listened, have drawn near to hear this 'still, small voice' and get its meaning; have even stolen into some of its secret places and laid my ear upon the heart of the matter, if so be that I might hear and feel at least a little of what was not to be heard or felt at a colder, more formal distance. Of course no one person has heard

all, even of the best music of the Exposition, and one may be pardoned for having listened only to what he most wished to hear; moreover, one is apt to idealize and mentally alter and abridge or enlarge upon what one does hear and this is apt to blur the edges of the impressions which linger and which otherwise might remain in clearer definition.

Subject to these mutilations, therefore, I will ask you to accept what I say simply for what it means to me, one of those who have been ministered unto.

When this Spirit of Music takes us by the hand we almost unconsciously find ourselves silent in the heart of some great audience, entering upon a preparatory frame of mind in which we seem to be facing a door which is about to open before us into regions which are Holy Land.

Such a quiet moment should always precede listening to great music, and in it the awakening spirit of expectation will be quickened by all we know of the men by whose marvellous art this quiet air is soon to tremble with harmony. It is the forerunner, making straight the highway along which the Ministering Spirit is soon to walk in beauty.

By and by the door opens. The harmonic pageant passes before us in all of its varied majesty. Then comes a teeming silence.

Let us now retire to some quiet corridor and think it over, conjuring, if possible, all our concerts into one composite whole.

It is evident that something more than a mere rhythmic succession of sounds has happened. What has taken place? What has all this marvellous tone picturing done for us and done to us and to others around us? The vibrations are no longer audible but inner echoes linger and our emotions are still deeply moved, as were the waters of old when the Angel of God came down and troubled them until some poor, eager soul was healed.

We try to call up all we have heard and endeavor to take account of its influence upon us.

One of our first thoughts, as we recall the faces of the musicians to whose art we have been listening is, how wonderfully all the people of the earth have been blended into one great family. The Humanities! Here are orchestras of every nation, bands and leaders and musical people of every race.

Our hearts have been deeply stirred by the singing of black men from Hampton, dark faced musicians from the Philippines, Mexico, Hawaii, Guatemala, and from all our nearer, more familiar world. Now separately, now in unison these have gathered us into groups and told us over and over again, in language plainer than words, that God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the earth. A glance over the vast, cosmopolitan audiences deepens the impression and, as we think of it, something suggests, as a theme for the whole majestic symphony of this summer by the Golden Gate, The Brotherhood of Man, one family at least in the one language they all can understand and all love to hear.

But this is only the beginning, for, coming a little nearer, we discover that we have emerged upon a world of larger conceptions of the possibilities of sound in harmony. We have not been starved in great tones, but few of us dreamed what it would be like to hear that grand theme in Lohengrin played in the Court of the Universe, in the hearing of twenty thousand people, with all the trombones of the massed bands of the whole Exposition in absolute unison, hurled upon us in the melody.

As we had already noticed regarding the magnificent Courts surrounding us and the corridors and arches spanning the sky above our heads, we find all our old standards of size and proportion swept away and we seem to be wandering, with vast multitudes of others similarly affected, in a free, unfenced field of almost illimitable tonal grandeur.

We had not imagined how immensely satisfying it would be to have Mr. Lemare draw all those upper stops in the great Exposition Organ and let loose upon us the uproar of a whole broadside of huge trumpets. Even the longing to hear the full thunder of the Hallelujah Chorus has been measureably satisfied and now we can never return to the old standards of volume and power; our harmonic vision has been permanently enlarged.

Then, as the crowds disappear and we are alone again, we notice that there has been a change not only of our standards of volume but also of the degree of our sensitiveness to delicacy, grace and tenderness.

We recall some of the gentler movements to which we have listened and seem to come out upon the sunny South Gardens and to gain a view of what we may call the spiritual unity of all art.

Strains return which seem inexpressibly sweet and yet intimately personal. With this something seems to draw near and give us a magic key which ever afterwards is to admit us to the beauty of all great music simply by suggesting to us to follow the lines of thought as these are given in themes and motifs, thus making it possible for us to open and enter doors of understanding and enjoyment with a feeling of kinship we had not dreamed of before.

And now we note that with this key in hand we can explain what before had confused us. How often had we been led into a sort of venturing of the mind into the silent space which lies just beyond a lingering note, as if we were running on before, listening ahead, as it were, and trying to forecast the next coming tone and fit it into our own personal dream. This is simply the first stirring of a creative power in us all, and with it improvisations become inevitable. Everybody falls to dreaming.

Your three-bar theme and his and mine have been accepted and we are now members of the great family; the ennobling realization dawns upon us that in the heart of the great artist dreaming at the organ our little dreams were the real thing, capable of being overlaid and ornamented with exquisite and delicate tracery and given back to us clothed in unspeakable beauty.

As we observe our thoughts a little more closely here we find that some obscure but gentle guide has been leading us into the desire and the ability more perfectly to recall and trace those delicate curves in harmony which, for want of better words, we call shading and contrast, more particularly as we find these traced in the fading cadences with which great poetic and romantic musical flights often approach their fitting close.

A hand unseen has drawn aside a veil behind which lay concealed a world of beauty which is now to be ours.

We seem to have become more sensitive to the appeal of these gentler thoughts, the ones that love to linger around and wait for us at the door, as if in hope of walking homeward with us, hand in hand; those fainter perfumes of melody which seem to stay with us, as other odors sometimes do, until perhaps some old and dear association of life, awakened by their fragrance, floats out above

the mists of our forgetting. Often, like spirits, they wander into those deep inner silences which are apt to follow closely upon our great harmonic moments. A broken melody floats by which we cannot quite define; it evades our most loving and longing effort to shape it into an image of vocal beauty. It seems familiar—else why should it seek us? Perchance our inner ear may lure it dimly out from the mute and soundless shadows into the twilight of a filmy murmur—and that is all. Yet who could convince us that it was merely a nothing?

That there has been and is now just such a spiritual attendant beside us—a presence distinctly and personally felt, no one who has come in any adequate measure under the spell of the magnificent music of the Exposition can ever doubt.

And if it has been a blessing personally to enjoy this ministration it is no less a delight to have noted its gentle hand upon those around us from whom now, less than ever, do we wish to be separated. With a wave of the hand of melody what strange recedings sometimes take place in men's hearts.

As they listen the troubles of life appear to drop away and rest comes to tired, uneasy and unsatisfied souls. On one occasion Mr. Lemare preceded the rendering of one of his most beautiful numbers with these words, "If you will reverently listen to this exquisite music there will come into your lives some of the beauty it teaches". A moment later more than two thousand men and women were listening in the land of rapture as if to celestial voices.

I know this is more or less characteristic of all true music but the lesson seems impressed upon us more deeply now because such vast numbers of needy, spiritually hungry people have been brought under the sway of its inimitable kindness.

Then too, the Saul in many a man has been strangely softened and appeased as these harp strings have been touched. It now seems to him so much less worth while to be unforgiving, retaliation shows itself so ignoble and unsatisfying, spite so puerile and undignified. Plainly now he sees it so much more manly—so much more nearly akin to greatness, to be kind and patient and easy to be entreated. And I doubt not that to many a man among the innumerable multitudes passing out through the foyer of Festival Hall there comes the thought—obscure though it may be at the moment, that—after all, he will miss something fine and noble in life if, having listened to such music, he now allows himself to revert to the old hardness of heart with which he was bound hand and foot when he came in.

But—once more aside from all the world—in the secret chambers of one's own personal life there has come a rare blessing.

Whether consciously or unconsciously, all summer long we have been storing away in that strange, safe deposit vault we call memory, forms and voices and strains of grace and beauty innumerable.

Are they all to fade away and be forgotten?

Byron said of dreams,

"They pass like spirits of the past, they speak

Like sibyls of the future. What are they?

Is not the past all shadow?"

Well; of this we are sure, they can, they do come back,

apparently awakened by the coming of other songs, other voices, other harmonies; perhaps the stirring of new arrivals, knocking at the door of our hearts. The faint, wavering echo of an African flute had power instantly to transport Pierre Loti into the far wilds of the Sahara. The oboe solo in the Suite Algerienne of the great French composer is inseparable from a vision of the walls of Algier, lying white and silent in the moonlight.

We wonder why this song or chorus or French horn solo moves us so, why it comes with such weird familiarity into our consciousness. The whole fabric of memory slowly seems to be illumined and glows as if with a light from beyond the stars—but it is only the opening of the door of our Holy of Holies, where the lamp is ever burning and where have been garnered from early childhood, our emblems of Paradise Regained.

Perhaps all that floats out to meet us is the faint voice of a tiny cricket, that chirped his drowsy little love song in "Cool crystals of green sound", one summer night long, long ago.

Ah yes, how vividly we now remember all about it. What that song means to us has never died, can never die, nor can that little beckoning voice become mute as long as life is life.

The outward ministry is almost at its end, but now, in the warmth and glow of it all we are willing to recall the throngs around us whose thoughts we feel can surely not be very unlike our own, and we become conscious of the unbroken, universal spirit of kindness so noticeably present throughout the whole long summer. But we need not wonder at it.

May it not be that with the opening, at one time, of such numberless Holy Places of the souls of men, there has emerged and has been diffused and now lingers among us an afterglow of heart-twilight in which the sadness of the approaching end is mingling with the sacred memories which seemed to be asleep but are waking again, and venturing abroad to share with others the graceful cadences which seem to ornament this most delightful ministry—to tint and hallow the closing hours of the great Exposition with their saintlike presence and give us back our dreams.

THE VILLAIN IN THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

H. V. Rominger.

Most stories have a villain in the plot. The story of the divine birth, which has fascinated the heart of humanity for so many hundreds of years, has in it charms which place it at the very top of dramatic poetry. All the characters, save one, are so beautiful and winning that the art of the world has studied them with reverence and reproduced them with surpassing loveliness. Herod is the one pre-eminent villain in the story. He sought to put the young child to death. The cradle of the world's new hope was the target of his diabolical hostility, hate and rage.

He who came to establish peace on the earth that had never known any peace, at once aroused an antagonism, which has turned the world's history into the world's tragedy. No land has been more robbed, plundered and drenched in blood than the birth-land of Christ. The infidel Turk and the spirit of Herod have for ages desecrated and made desolate that wondrous land. When I was in Palestine I visited the church of the Nativity of Bethlehem,

a grand basilica built by the Empress Helena over the cave in which Christ was born. The church was cold, dreary and cheerless and was divided between Christian sects, who bicker and wrangle, fight and even kill each other and turn religion into a farce right there where it began! Afterwards when I went down into the grotto of the Nativity, where the silver lamps burn day and night over the star with the Latin inscription of the wondrous birth, I was confronted by a ragged Turkish soldier leaning on his polished rifle with bayonet fixed, and he still may be standing there, on guard to keep peace among these Christians at the birth-place of their Redeemer, the Prince of Peace!

And now at this Christmas time the Christians of Europe, Asia and Africa are killing each other without abatement of agony or tumult, in the greatest, the most cruel and wicked war of all the centuries. Surely the spirit of Herod the villain is still marching on and slaughtering the innocents.

Corrupt politics and wicked rulers have been the curse of the world. Herod was one of the most depraved monsters that ever attempted to block God's cause and the people's cause. He was the incarnation of all the depravities of all the ages. Innocence and righteousness have always had a hard struggle, and never was there a more unfavorable time for them, unless it be just now, than in the days of Herod the King. There was a malaria of sin in the air when the Christ-child first breathed it. Cities were burned and the embers quenched with the blood of those who dwelt in them. In sea or forest there was nothing so cruel as man. In courts, corruption; in camps, cruelty and slaughter; everywhere joy kindled only to be quenched by suffering. Not the midnight dew was more abundant than tears. Today after two thousand years of the angel song man's greatest enemy is his fellow man. He has little to fear from the sources of nature. With these he has made peace and they have become his servants. The evil spirits of the air and the ghosts and witches of the dark ages have been resolved into their true elements by the alchemy of science and the touchstone of reason. The only enemies of man that are left are his fellow men, especially if they be "civilized" and "Christianized" men. The heathen and the savages have no terrors for us. We do not fear that they will overrun our fair land and take our heritage from us. Against them we do not need great preparedness of armies and navies. Our "Christian" neighbors appear to be our dreaded enemies. Against these we must build fortresses and huge engines of war; because of these we must stagger under the burdens of huge standing armies and enormous navies belching smoke upon a hundred seas. Is this the spirit of Herod still marching on?

The birth of Christ was the signal for the downfall of Herod and all tyrants and corrupt rulers. Therefore Herod wanted to kill him. Herod and Christ cannot live together on the same earth. Out of the way with Herod; make room for Christ! Herod embarrasses God and blocks the cause of God and humanity on the earth. It is time, as Victor Hugo said of Napoleon, that this vast man should fall. Smoking blood, overfilled cemeteries, mothers in tears, and in our own land thousands of chalky-faced boys and girls who never get enough to eat, many of them going to school every morning without breakfast—these are formidable pleaders. These are only Herod back again, re-enacting on a broader field the murder of the innocents.

A new king has come. Shall we not seek him and de-

throned Herod? To celebrate the birth of Christ with hosannas while practically rejecting his teachings, to chant with our lips, "Peace on earth, good will to men," while spending vast sums on arms and armaments to kill each other, practicing the things which make for war, strife, poverty and crime, is hypocrisy gone mad—and these two things are the basic cause of all the evils which afflict the world. The blood-bespattered track which man has made and is now making as never before across the ages, reveals his persistent rebellion against the Prince of Peace and his kingdom. A filthy city, an unjust wage, a sweat-shop, a dirty tenement, a neglected child, a brothel, an open saloon, a closed church, poverty in the midst of plenty, a city slum, a bribe-taking official, and that greater villain a bribe-paying citizen, and the fact that after nineteen hundred years of so-called Christian teaching we are still trying to settle disputes between nations by guns and swords, are all indictments of a Christianity which is professed and not practiced. Christianity has had to contend with Herod and the devil for every inch that it has gained. If we celebrate Christmas and refuse to enthrone Christ, does not our action partake of a mockery? A Christmas of big trade, of extra eating and drinking, of dances and frolic, with garlands hung in saloons and millionaires' palaces built by money extorted from God's poor by methods of the devil, is a vain and hollow mockery?

By keeping Christmas we face the issue of dethroning Herod and putting Jesus on the throne of the world, and his laws into practice in all human society, in all national and international relations.

Underwood, Washington.

DO WE WANT COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING INTRODUCED INTO OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

William C. Allen.

The writer of this article not only calls on recent personal observations in the Antipodes but is also indebted to the publications of the New Zealand Freedom League, and the Australian Freedom League, "Conscription in New Zealand and Australia," "The Repeal," etc.

The compulsory military training of lads fourteen years old and upward in Australia, and sixteen years old and upward in New Zealand, has been so thoroughly exploited in some quarters that an investigation into the practical operation of such a system, or its dangers, is justifiable at the present time.

Compulsory military training is claimed by some of its advocates to be different from conscription, but in practical operation it proves to be the same. The Defense Act of New Zealand of 1909 was made possible by the agitation of the National Defense League and by influences originating in England. The visit of the United States Fleet to Australia resulted in a wave of military enthusiasm spreading over that land, and one of the developments connected therewith was the demand to arm. The result of a combination of circumstances, seized by the militarists to their own aggrandizement "without any direct reference to the will of the people," and backed by some well-meaning educators, was that the men of those countries put their defenseless boys under military discipline to which the voters would not themselves pretend to submit.

Figures supplied by Arthur Watts, organizer of the

Australian Freedom League, revealed extraordinary conditions. Even registrations were difficult to get. He shows that in Australia in 1914, despite the fact that the military officers had power to register boys without their parents' consent, the number liable to prosecution for non-registration at the end of the registration period was 7,324.

Official figures quoted in the "Melbourne Age of 31st of May, 1911," disclosed that to that date the total average attendance for Australia at the statutory parade drills was 59,562 out of the total strength of 88,859 Senior cadets (18 years old and under) stated by the military authorities to be in actual training. The percentage of absentees from drill ranged from about 31 to 52 per cent. The "Age" adds: "It is plain that large numbers of cadets are shirking their legal obligations."

There have been very many prosecutions of boys under the system which in both countries is known as the Defense Acts. Non-attendance at drill from almost whatever cause necessarily constitutes a basis for prosecution. In the City of Auckland, New Zealand, of about 80,000 population, during the twelve months ending at an early date last year, there were, not counting withdrawn cases, a record of 770 prosecutions. There are reported, for instance, as many as 50 defense prosecutions in the police court of the little city of Invercargill, N. Z., at one time.

The administration of prosecutions has been very severe in many cases. The Act in both countries provided alternative service and assumed relief for members of denominations opposed to military service, but no relief for the many others who resisted drill because of religious or other conscientious principles. Here are a very few sample prosecutions reported:

Sydney Crossland, a Qaker lad, was, on account of religious scruples, sentenced to fifty days' detention in Victoria barracks, Sydney being released before half the time had expired. The Minister for Defense is reported as saying that immediate action would be taken to punish the "unruly" cadet. He was visited in a cell by a member of the Freedom League.

"Victor Yeo, a lad of fourteen, was, on August 25, 1913, sentenced to one month in Broken Hill Jail. His release was ordered after serving twenty days, but he served the full term, including another imprisonment of twelve days. A good deal of this time he was on bread and water diet, and for ten days of his second imprisonment he was locked up in a cell for twenty-two out of twenty-four hours.

"J. and W. Size made a statutory declaration that in September, 1913, when in detention in Ft. Largs, they were placed on bread and water diet in a cell with a stone floor. One night nine lads were in the cell, which was about 12 by nine feet. They had only one blanket each—it was in early spring in that country—contrary to the regulations which provide for three blankets. On a second occasion John Size was kept in solitary confinement for ten days continuously.

"Arthur E. Ettridge was prosecuted in Adelaide in September, 1913," for failing to render personal service. His mother and a physician, Dr. D. W. Ray, gave evidence that the lad had been too ill to work. In spite of this the officer pressed the case, demanding ten shillings cost, which was refused.

"On the 21st of December, 1913, W. Bennet, of Dulwich Hill, N. S. W., was for the second time charged with preventing his son from drilling." He stated in court: "I have conscientious objections to my boy being compelled

against his will to become a soldier." He was fined twice. He had already been in jail for refusing to pay fine in connection with the same matter.

The writer, when in Australia, met with equivalent cases. Australia seems to have become anything but a free country since it established juvenile military drill. The conditions are not, as far as I can learn, indicated in government reports or mentioned in circulars for intending immigrants.

John F. Hills, M. A., a well-known educator of Australia, has recently stated that in times of peace military imprisonment was inflicted on "over 4,000 Australian boys and youths."

The effect of military drill has been bad. The school-master aims to make the child think for himself, which is exactly the reverse of the work of the drill-master. Dr. Howse, F. R. C. S., V. C. (gained in South Africa), of Orange, N. S. W., says that the present system of drilling boys is distinctly injurious to boys of nervous temperament. It creates indigestion, and distinct physical injury has resulted. He denies the physical benefit of military drill in view of the number of such cases, and states that twenty years of age is early enough to begin training. Thus the "Age, Feb. 18, 1914," when citing some of the hardships connected with the training camps tells how a medical examination revealed numerous cases of acute dilation of the heart, etc.

The New Zealand Freedom League in its first annual report, 1914, when discussing the prosecutions in police courts which were found necessary in connection with the enforcement of military drill, says: "There are many instances of ludicrous absurdity, many of shameful injustice, and altogether one is impressed with the fact that boys from fourteen years upward are compelled to mix with the worst characters from our streets, to hear of filth and crime from which they should be protected, simply because they object to be brutalized by the agents of war or because they happen to have been absent from parade." There has also been much testimony to the moral damage done to lads in detention barracks and jails and also to those who willingly participate in the drill.

Those who are opposed to drill from conscientious or other reasons, are often called "liars", "un-patriotic", "traitors," etc., and it is insisted that they do not know whereof they speak. Claims as to the presumed success of military discipline do not seem to be justified facts. Colonel Heard, when explaining to a committee his difficulties connected with the Act, is reported to have said, "We are placed in a humiliating position; we are open to all kinds of insults; to all kinds of insubordination; and we are perfectly helpless."

An oath is demanded of the boys, which, in New Zealand is as follows:

"I, ———, do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to our Sovereign Lord, the King, his heirs and successors, and that I will faithfully serve in the New Zealand military forces, according to my liability under the Defense Act at the present in force, and that I will observe and obey all orders of his Majesty, his heirs and successors, and of the generals and officers set over me until I shall be lawfully discharged. So help me God."

This oath, we are told, was often forced by threats of fine and imprisonment on boys who were drilling and on those whose parents refused to consent to their boys binding themselves to so drastic a surrender of their consciences

into the keeping of the military authorities. We may easily conceive of the attitude created in the minds of thousands of lads at a most impressionable age, toward governmental authority, when many are thus compelled to take oaths and others are placed in a position of disobedience to parental control.

"The Lyttleton Times of the 17th of June, 1912," when speaking of the scruples thus invaded, declares that the objections of parents to their children assuming solemn obligations in this airy fashion should be respected. But the hard facts indicate that after once surrendering to military influences it seems almost impossible to secure religious or civil freedom. They have gone.

"Before New Zealand came under the iron heel of militarism the only person who could inflict a fine upon any one was the magistrate. But to-day a military officer can impose fines on the boys under his care at his own sweet will, and, what is far more serious, can cause that fine to be collected by a policeman out of the lad's wages" (if he works for wages).

From what the writer can learn, the Military and Naval Board in both countries has acquired an undesirable influence and power over the teachers of state and private schools.

The general unpopularity of these conditions in Australia is proved by the fact that, according to the carefully collected reports of the Australian Freedom League, in two and one-half years up to the last day of 1913, there were 22,143 prosecutions of young people from fourteen and upward. There have been additional prosecutions since then. This was in a population of 4,500,000 persons or about twice the number then in the State of California. Some church people, and labor unions whose working lads are affected very much by such laws, have been bitterly opposed to military drills. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers in New Zealand, when speaking of the Defense Act, appealed "to all thoughtful citizens to do their utmost to stem this drift into barbarism."

Any efforts to establish military drill in the schools of a democracy carry with them tendencies that are in direct opposition to the moral and political ideals that these schools are primarily intended to develop.

Military instruction of boys is not a valuable moral factor, but in practical operation is apparently the reverse. It does not tend to improve the national health, or seem to foster the sort of discipline that is wanted. The most satisfactory discipline for boys is that which in many excellent schools is obtained without the temptations and moral damage of military associations. The training of children in military ideals, however well intended, is a retrograding step. It tends to lure them from gainful pursuits towards illusive militarism. The burden eventually falls heaviest on the poor. It strikes at civil freedom and in practice leads to compulsory tyranny. A well-known clergyman of New Zealand has said of it, "It represents paganism in excelsis." To maintain this system a propaganda of jingoism and international fears has to be promoted in the community. Even Germany has not taught her boys how to kill. Shall we out-Prussia Prussia?

If you give the military or naval advocates an inch they will take an ell. You never know how far they will lead you. Militarism is the same the world over—first ingratiating, next seductive, then remorseless. Do we want it? Do we even want the thin edge of militarism introduced into our public schools?

RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF THE GARY PLAN.

Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau.

It is gratifying to see the general interest the New York papers—indeed those of the whole country—are taking in the effort to transplant the Gary school plan in New York City, which now has it supreme opportunity to help in the solution of one of the most serious problems of the nation and the world, the restoration and improvement of week-day religious instruction. Every thoughtful and well-informed person knows that one hour a week of Shnday-school or Sabbath-School teaching is not sufficient to fortify the young in the most perilous period of life against twentieth-century temptations, ad to prepare them for good citizenship. Until recently it was the almost universal custom all over the world to provide some week-day religious instruction, both in homes and schools. But today fully three-fourths of the religious homes and fully one-fourth of the public schools have given up even the daily reading of the Bible, and the only appreciable religious teaching on week days has been given to those Catholic children whose parents could be induced to send them to parochial schools, which have thus come into competition with the public schools.

Into this situation Gary bursts with a friendly combination of public schools with parochial schools—Hebrew, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Congregational, and what not. The Gary schools having charge of the childhood and youth of that city for eight hours a day, half for study and half for work and play, excuse from this second half of the day's activities the youth of any denomination whose parents so request, for religious instruction in the churches for any desired time from one hour a week each, the time usually taken by churches, up to two hours a day, the time taken for lessons in the Hebrew language and religion in the synagogue, which initiated this Gary combination of public and parochial school. The same teaching force and the same rooms and appliances suffice for four times as many parochial pupils when the teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic is turned over to the state, which is best able to give it, and the parochial teaching is devoted to moral and religion only.

It is not surprising that when this plan was transplanted to New York, the Catholics, with their abundant supply of parochial teachers, and with priests trained to teach as well as preach, should have been ready at once to take for one period or more a day all the Catholic children in the public schools of the Bronx, where the plan is being tested while even Lutherans and Episcopalians, with parochial antecedents, must take months to get ready, and the other Protestant churches that do not have "confirmation classes" are even less prepared for this supreme opportunity, which may soon be offered to many other cities. Theological seminaries should restore the teaching function of the pastor, who ought to be able to teach gladly one hour a day—and no hour would be so fruitful. But for the present it will not be feasible, nor is it necessary, that each church should teach its pupils separately on week days.

"Home is the place where we are treated the best and grumble the most."

Recipe for having friends: Be one!

Among the Churches.

San Mateo.—The Ladies Aid Society realized \$120 from their bazaar held on the 16th. The Sunday School is sending a Christmas Missionary box to Humboldt county and 50 red stockings filled to the Bulletin office for the poor of San Francisco.—One person was received into membership at the December communion.

Pittsburg.—A delightful evening was spent at a "house-warming" in the new parsonage Friday evening, December 18th. Sixty or more gathered, representing the best families in this growing manufacturing center. A statement made revealed the cost about \$2,600.00 most of which had been raised on the field, citizens not yet church members generously contributing as well as the faithful few. Pastor Champlin and his charming wife sought to make everybody happy, and the occasion was one long to be remembered by those present. One or two of the rooms are used for S. S. classes, the church edifice not being large enough for present needs. Ere long a new edifice must be built, an undertaking which doubtless this growing and large hearted community will gladly assist. It is hoped a small loan may be obtained from C. C. B. S. for the new manse, and this once refunded, a House of Worship more in harmony with modern requirements will be in order.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

A council has been called to meet in Bethany Congregational Church, Berkeley, on Thursday December the 30th for the examination of Mr. William A. Youngman for ordination to the gospel ministry.

A member of the North Congregational Church of Berkeley has given twelve turkeys to a committee having in charge the providing of Christmas dinners for needy and worthy persons.

Several months ago the Rev. F. A. Bissell gave at the Monday meeting of ministers in San Francisco a paper on Paul—or Paulinism. It is only a part of a study which he had been making and he was asked to give another paper thereon. It will be given next Monday. It is hoped that there will be a good attendance and a thorough discussion of the views to be presented.

TACOMA.

Forefathers' Day was worthily celebrated by First Church, Tacoma, Wash., on the evening of Tuesday, December fourteenth.

The occasion was a banquet under the auspices of the Brotherhood of the Church and was presided over by Mr. J. B. Kaiser, the president, who is Librarian of Tacoma's Carnegie Library. Ex-Mayor W. W. Seymour was thoroughly at home as toastmaster, and introduced the speakers with many a good story and witty thrust to which they were not slow to respond.

The response to the first toast "And they landed at

Plymouth Rock" was to have been made by Dr. Frank N. White of Walla Walla. In his absence his place was ably filled by Rev. M. H. Marvin, a Methodist, long time resident in Washington, who is always a welcome guest at Congregational gatherings. Mr. Marvin epoke, with true appreciation, of that which the Pilgrim Fathers brought to this country, that which represented the highest values of life and the essence of a true democracy. He spoke of the coming to Washington of The Six Yale Men, and of the inspiration their coming was to men of other denominations, and made the statement that the Methodist Episcopal Church was far less an Episcopal institution than it would have been except for the influence of Congregationalism.

Dr. H. C. Kelsey of San Francisco, responding to the toast "And they founded New England," spoke of the cargo of the Mayflower. He enumerated the ideals of her passengers, and could not resist making his application fit his own work, urging the necessity of giving these same ideals today to nations just wakening to Christianity.

Dr. W. W. Scudder, superintendent of the Washington Conference, spoke on the topic "Westward the Wise Men Came," and reminded us in his quiet forceful way of the tremendous passion for the unselfish service of humanity that filled these men, and told us that the need for this passion was not yet past—that on our faithfulness today depends the future of our State and that out of this same zeal and faithfulness must come the spirit that will some day usher in the Kingdom of God.

In the absence of Dr. Harper of Spokane, Edwin Eells spoke on "Our Congregational Forefathers in Washington," rehearsing briefly those dramatic events in which Marcus Whitman, and Cushing Eells, his father, played so heroic a part.

Rev. E. A. King gave a practical turn to his address on "Worthy Sons of Worthy Sires", by appealing directly for loyal support of the State Conference, and for the men who, in hard and lonely places, are showing the same spirit of persevering self sacrifice their forefathers showed.

The last toast "New Pilgrims of a New Day" was responded to by Dr. Horace C. Mason of Seattle and was the climax of the inspiration of the evening. Dr. Mason made his audience feel that to them also has fallen a task worthy and heroic, and that on them rests a responsibility calling for the best their manhood and womanhood can give.

The music of the evening was furnished by Mrs. L. L. Tallman, Mr. Walter J. Higbee, and Miss O. C. Whitney—soprano and bass soloists, and organist of the church choir.

The banquet room was beautifully decorated and the menu most satisfying.

The Brotherhood and their guests may certainly congratulate themselves on a fitting observance of a Great Day.

WEEK OF PRAYER.

Peace and Unity.

The Federal Council of Churches has suggested the following topics for the Week of Prayer, from January 2 to 9:

Sunday, January 2—Sermons on Reconciliation. Isa. 54:10; Acts 10:36; Rom. 5:11; 2 Cor. 5:18, 19.

Monday, January 3—Peace: International and National. Isa. 12; Acts 17:22-31; Rom. 13; 1 Tim. 2:1-8.

Tuesday, January 4—Peace Through Christian Service for Jews and Gentiles, Abroad and at Home. For all mis-

sionary societies. Psalms 67; Isaiah 49:3-13; Acts 1:1-8; Mark 5: 1-20; 6:1-6.

Wednesday, January 5—Unity in the Church Throughout the World. Psalms 133; Isaiah 26:3; 57:19; John 17; Eph. 4:1-16; 1 Cor. 12:12-27.

Thursday, January 6—Peace by Education in Schools, Colleges, and Universities. Psalms 119:9-16; Proverbs 3:1-26; 8:22-36; Isaiah 32: 16, 17.

Friday, January 7—The Family and Youth; Spiritual Training. Deuteronomy 6: 4-9; Psalms 34; 122; Matthew 18: 1-14; 2 Tim. 3:14-17.

Saturday, January 8—Peace Through Brotherhood; Reform and Social Service. To Promote Health, Labor Conditions, Purity, and Temperance. Psalms 85: 9-13; Isaiah 33:20-24; Luke 10: 25-37; Romans 12-14.

Sunday, January 9—Sermons; The Prince of Peace in Victory and Glory. Psalms 110:1; Isaiah 9:6, 7; Luke 19-38; Eph. 2-14; 1 Cor. 15:25; 1 Tim. 6:15; Heb. 10:12, 13; Rev. 19:16.

The Home.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

By Susan F. Hinman.

Midnight and starlight and chant of heavenly choir;
The prelude of a mighty strain that ever reacheth higher,
The song of Moses and the Lamb from lips that never tire!

Midnight and starlight and pulse of coming dawn;
The flashing of ten thousands wings that hover and are
gone;

The kindling of Auroral hope that ne'er shall be withdrawn!

Midnight and starlight and Babe in manger laid;
The shadows of the cave retreat before him all dismayed;
The gentle shepherds kneel around and worship unafraid!

Midnight and blackness and blasts that desolate!
Oh come again, and come to me, thou Guest for whom
I wait!

Nay, verily before I call, He standeth at the gate.
Oberlin, Ohio.

HOW TO KEEP A CHILD'S CONFIDENCE.

Love and tact are the two qualities needed. Love we take for granted. Of tact it has been well said that it consists less in doing the right things than in doing the wrong ones. Naturally we have approached our subject from its negative side. But it has a positive one.

Every one of us can call to mind some mother who is particularly successful in these lines, whose house—not always a specially large or fine one—is a rallying ground for her own children and her neighbors', who is in constant demand herself as a chaperon for her parties and sleigh rides, whose popularity means a real influence for good. We recognize her talent and envy it, but think of it as a natural gift and beyond our cultivating. It is so in part, no doubt, like all talents.

But in part it can be analyzed and imitated. Such a mother always contrives to keep a genuine interest in what interests her young people. She takes pains to meet their friends and make herself charming to them. She follows their studies at school, if not in detail, at least so as to have a general knowledge of them. She brings to their notice from her own reading or study course, items and anecdotes that bear on their work. She makes acquaintance with their teachers. She attends their public occasions as scrupulously as possible, taking care to wear what the critical taste of youth approves. She reads their school paper. She keeps the run of school politics and athletics. She even sits out their ball games.

The mother of little children is fortunate if she has for the basis of a spontaneous common interest some knowledge of outdoor life, of plants or birds or beetles; and with the needs of the future in mind, it would seem that at least one of these branches should be a part of every woman's education. But for those who lack it there are beginners' manuals by whose help one can give the children a great deal of pleasure in the long vacation days. The remarkable spread of interest in birds within the last twenty-five years shows that it is quite possible for a person long past the school age to take up a new study and make real progress in it, and find the experience both stimulating and refreshing.

Side by side with the effort to share our children's pleasures should go the effort to have them share ours. The freedom with which money is spent in these days promotes the purveying of separate lines of amusement for children, as trivial as many of the books that are advertised for children's special delectation. But it is still worth while to give a child the chance to hear good music, or set a collection of fine pictures, or taste the literature which a mature judgment approves. His pride at being made a companion will help him over the hard places.

Children appreciate being taken into the confidence of their elders, too, and they are capable of discretion in speech, if the need for it is explained to them earlier than is sometimes supposed. The necessity for a particular exercise of economy, the pros and cons of the summer outing, the obligation to ask a certain guest—there is a constant succession of small questions under discussion when the parental council is by itself that might be threshed out before the juniors to their great profit and edification.

Indeed, as to discussion in general, it is probable that most parents who have any conscience about the matter at all, err on the side of being too careful what they say before their children, rather than not careful enough. It is by hearing and taking part in talk, rather than by the processes of solitary reflection, that most young people form their views of life. By pursuing a policy of circumspect silence about the broken engagement or the church scandal, the judicious elders are not teaching contempt of gossip, as they fondly imagine; they are simply abandoning the privilege of shaping their children's ideals of conduct to heedless boys and girls no wiser than themselves. In general, the more the children can know of the workings of father's and mother's minds, the better for them.

Most important of all, the mother who would keep her child's confidence must expect to take time for it as really as she takes time for her housekeeping and her philanthropies, though not in the same cut-and-dried routine fashion. She must not fill her days so full that her chil-

dren will think of her as always busy and pre-occupied. She must be found sometimes in that obvious leisure which invites approach. The child with the cut finger or torn dress will break in on her without ceremony, no doubt, no matter how much absorbed she seems; but the child with the sore and sensitive little heart will turn away rather than risk a rebuff.

Children's experiences run more nearly parallel to our own than we realize. Every woman of us knows what it is to go to a friend with a perplexity to pour out, and come away without the hoped-for relief and sympathy, because the friend's manner showed that she was not in a mood to detach herself from her own cares and listen to ours. Just so the child comes hovering about its mother, with some little secret to tell, or perhaps some fault to confess, answers the preoccupied "What do you want, dear?" with a disappointed "O, nothing," and turns away. The confidence may have been a trifling one. Or it may have been one worth more to the mother than a whole week's toil. The motto for the nursery wall might well be, "Nothing is so important as to hear what the children want to tell."

The increasing attraction of mothers to intellectual pursuits has its dangers along these lines. Plain sewing—even the much-despised "fancy work"—lent itself to that leisurely talk in which intimacy is fostered, confidence given, more readily than writing reports or preparing "papers." At least the astute mother will contrive to keep these more engrossing occupations for the hours when the children are away, and have her darning basket at hand to catch up for ostensible employment at noon.

Especially will she try to be on hand to listen when there is likely to be something to "talk over." The mother who sits up to let her daughter in after the evening's entertainment, or lingers with her over the breakfast table next day, gleans a number of small facts about friends and fancies that may stand her in good stead some time. (Here, again, one must bear in mind our rule of not seeming too easily surprised or shocked. "How silly!" may rise a dozen times to a mother's lips, in the course of a post-party chat, but it must not pass them. Far better see silliness in such a surface rash than suspect that it has struck in.

Many a mother grieves over the freedom with which her daughter pours herself out to a girl-friend who might hear precisely the same confidences if she would only take time for them. The girl-friend is her rival, not because she is dearer or sweeter, or even brighter, but because she is always ready to listen. The mother may not have the same unlimited leisure, but perhaps she can assume it.—Ellen Conway.

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Oh, well it has been said there is no grief like the grief which cannot speak.—Longfellow.

MY PRAYER.

"To grow a little wiser day by day,
To school my mind and body to obey,
To keep my inner life both clean and strong,
To keep my life from guile, my hand from wrong,
To shut the door on hate and scorn and pride;
To open then to love the windows wide.
To meet with cheerful heart what comes to me,
To turn life's discords into harmony,
To share some weary worker's heavy load,
To point some straying comrade to the road,
To know that what I have is not my own,
To feel that I am never quite alone.

This would I pray from day to day,
For then I know my life will flow
In peace until it be God's will I go."

For The Children.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE THAT NEVER DIED.

It is worth it," whispered the little Christmas tree to Snowbird. "It is worth all it cost; and though I have been tossed out into the snow and feel that my life is slowly fading, I am so glad I had the experience. That night! I shall never forget it."

"Tell me about it," almost commanded Snowbird, as he perched on one of the tiny arms of the tree to which still hung a bit of tinsel.

"O, but you should have seen me dressed up," said the tree as Snowbird with cocked head admired the glinting fragment. "What a night! The soul of the children has entered into mine. I cannot forget it." But seeing Snowbird's impatience he continued:

"When the ax-men came into our Northern forest home we all trembled. We saw them as they chopped down one after another of the forest children, and I remember how I trembled as one of them came toward me; and though the great mothertree tried to protect us, it was of no avail. As the man spied me his face lighted. 'What a beauty!' he exclaimed; and prepared to swing his ax.

"It was a moment of dreadful waiting. I thought of the happy years I had spent with my brothers. You know, yourself, Snowbird, for one winter you hunted at my feet and nested in my bosom. And when I realized that with the descent of that cruel blade all this was to cease, my heart almost broke with distress. But ere the stroke I swooned away, and what became of me I knew not until one evening when I awoke to discover I was in a great city where thousands of people were bustling here and there carrying great bundles and laughing as they went.

"There were many of my kind near by. We all stood up straight, but it was because our feet were fastened in cruel boxes. O, I wished for the roots and rootlets that have so long warmed and fed me! I yearned for a good many things just then, and not least was to know what all the bright lights and happy people meant; and what part we had to play in the scene.

"I was not long in my wonderment, for soon two beauti-

ful women picked me out with words of admiration.

"See that it is delivered in time," they cautioned, giving the merchant an address.

"After many minutes of jolting, I was finally brought to the door of a cottage where I knew poor people lived. When the woman who answered the knock saw me her eyes danced for joy. Immediately the two women who had purchased me drove up in their automobile and alighted, bearing a great bundle.

"I was set up in the front room and the two visitors began in the most wonderful manner to decorate me—the poor mother, the while, sitting by with happy amazement. They wreathed me with gold tinsel, they sprinkled my head with white that brought the memory of beautiful snow, they dotted me over with little candles and then set me aglow for just a minute. It was simply too beautiful to think. But when they opened their mysterious bundles and hung dolls and jumping-jacks and mittens and candy-socks all over me I thought that no tree ever looked so charming as I."

"But what did all this mean?" broke in Snowbird. "Do tell me."

"With delight, Snowbird; for the next half hour was the most wonderful the world ever saw—at least so far as I know the world. They relighted the candles, put finishing touches on here and there, and then—and then—a door opened and in came three little children with faces so expressive of wonderment it bordered on astonishment. They walked slowly up to me with eyes as big as saucers. Finally the oldest exclaimed, 'O mamma! and I dreaming, or is this a real Christmas tree?'"

"Then they began to dance and clap hands—the littlest even screamed with delight. Snowbird, that hour was heaven. And to think that I bore all the light and beauty and presents! To Doris went the big doll with eyes that would close; to Freddie went a sled and pair of skates; to baby Clare I gave a rattle, a pink coat, a doll, and to all of them candy and nuts and oranges.

"And the mother? Well, she would have been content to simply live in the happiness of her little ones; but I gave her a new dress.

"Snowbird, I might have lived back in my Vermont forest home for fifty years or died of old age; but what would that have meant compared to the hour I stood in the midst of those poor children who had never seen a Christmas tree before and looked upon me as the bearer of glad tidings of great joy? Snowbird, I feel myself growing weaker; it is cold out here, but strange to relate, those dear little children loved me so hard that night and I loved them in turn so tenderly that I feel myself one of them. Yes, Snowbird, as I grow colder and my tiny leaves fade the spirit of the children enters me, and I don't believe I'm ever going to die."

Snowbird sat nestled in the very heart of the fading fir for a long time before speaking. "How beautiful it all must have been! How happy you should feel. I am going back to your home forest soon. Is there a message you wish me to take?"

"Tell them," said the little tree, "that I have seen the most wonderful sight in the world. I made three little children and their mother happy beyond forgetting; and best of all, I know what love means. I am a fir tree no longer. I am a Christmas tree—and once a Christmas tree, always a Christmas tree."—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

TOMMY'S BIRTHDAY DOLLAR.

While mother was shopping she left Tommy up on the sixth floor of the big store in the toy department. Cousin Ethel was staying with Tommy to help him spend the money which had been given him for his birthday. In his overcoat pocket he had a little brown leather purse, and inside the purse was a big, round silver dollar. Tommy wandered about until he came to the candy counter. Tommy loved sweets. When he had looked a long time at the piles and piles of sweets and goodies in the showcases he took Cousin Ethel's hand and drew her down close, so that he could whisper to her, and asked her: "How many chocolate-drops could a dollar buy?"

"Why, Tommy—" began Cousin Ethel, protestingly, and then she remembered that Tommy was to spend the dollar exactly as he pleased, so she answered very sweetly: "If you got the kind that are a penny apiece, you could get one hundred for one dollar."

Tommy was quiet a while longer. "A hundred at one time would make a person very sick, wouldn't it?" he asked next, looking at Cousin Ethel thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Cousin Ethel, very politely, "I am afraid it would."

Tommy thought a while longer. "But," he asked, "if a person ate only two after each meal, as mother allows, how long would it take to eat up a hundred."

Cousin Ethel was a very polite young lady and she did not laugh at Tommy, but answered: "If you ate them all up yourself, dear, and didn't offer any one else any at all, you could eat them all up in sixteen days and two meals of the next day."

Tommy listened carefully, and then, "How many weeks is that?" he asked.

"A little over two weeks," answered Cousin Ethel.

Tommy thought a while longer, then he said a little sadly: "our money doesn't do you any good until you spend it, and then when you spend it, it is all gone."

"Yes," said Cousin Ethel, brightly, "but if you have spent it well you still have the worth of your money when it is gone."

"But if you eat it up?" asked Tommy.

"Well," answered Cousin Ethel, "if you buy good food with your money, and it goes to make strong muscles to help you work and play, and a clear brain for you to think and learn with, then you still have the worth of your money, even if it is eaten up. A good strong body is like a powerful engine, you know, and can do lots of work."

"If you spend it for other people, what then?" asked Tommy thoughtfully.

"If you spend it for other people in such a way as to help them and give them pleasure, then that pleases you; so your money has made you happy and some one else happy, too, and in that case I think you get twice the worth of your money. It has made two people happy instead of just one."

"Well, that's what I want to do," said Tommy promptly. "I want to get twice the worth of my money."

Then Cousin Ethel went through the store with Tommy, and they bought a nice new crochet needle for grandma, because she wanted one, and a lovely book-mark for mother, because mother had to put her book down so often when she tried to read, and a nice soft knife-case for father, so his knife wouldn't wear holes in his pockets, and a pretty hair-ribbon for sister, because she was always losing hers.

When they had done all this he still had ten cents left.

"Now you might get ten cents' worth of chocolate-drops for yourself, if you like," said Cousin Ethel, who thought Tommy had been a very sensible boy.

"Thank you, Cousin Ethel," replied promptly, "but I think I like better to get twice what my money is worth, so we will take this two cents and you and I will eat ice cream together, and that will be nicer."

Tommy told mother when he got home that his birthday dollar had been the biggest dollar he ever had in his life, and the best one, too, for he got twice what it was worth, and Tommy and all the family are still enjoying the dollar.

—Francis McKinnon Morton, in "S. S. Times."

THE SWAN, THE PIKE AND THE CRAB.

Whene'er companions don't agree,
They work without accord;
And naught but trouble doth result,
Although they all work hard.

One day a Swan, a Pike, a Crab,
Resolved a load to haul.
All three were harnessed to the cart,
And pulled together all.

The Swan pulled upwards to the skies,
The Crab did backwards crawl,
The Pike made for the water straight:
This proved no use at all.

Now, which of them was most to blame

'Tis not for me to say,
But this I know,—the load is there
Unto this very day.

—Ivan Andreevich Krylov.

False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we walk into the shade.—Bovee.

THE INVISIBLE BRIDE.

The low-voiced girls that go
In gardens of the Lord,
Like flowers of the field they grow
In sisterly accord.

Their whispering feet are white
Along the leafy ways;
They go in whirls of light
Too beautiful for praise.

And in their band, forsooth
Is one to set me free—
The one that touched my youth—
The one God gave to me.

She kindles the desire
Whereby the gods survive—
The white ideal fire
That keeps my soul alive.

Now at the wondrous hour,
She leaves her star supreme,
And comes in the night's still power,
To touch me with a dream.

Sibyl of mystery
On roads unknown to men,
Softly she comes to me,
And goes to God again.

—Edwin Markham.

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